

was In the expectation of the corning of a musician bold, subtle, malignant, southern, healthy enough to take an immortal revenge upon that other music.

4-

Lonely now and miserably self-distrustful, I took sides, not without resentment, *against* myself and *for* everything that hurt me and was hard to me. Thus I once more found the way to that courageous pessimism that is the antithesis of all romantic fraud, and, as it seems to me to-day, the way to "myself" to my task. That hidden masterful Something, for which we long have no name until at last it shows Itself as our task—that tyrant in us exacts a terrible price for every attempt that we make to escape him or give him the slip, for every premature act of self-constraint, for every reconciliation with those to whom we do not belong, for every activity, however reputable, which turns us aside from our main purpose, yes, even for every virtue that would fain protect us from the cruelty of our most individual responsibility. "Disease" is always the answer when we wish to have doubts of our rights to our own task, when we begin to make it easier for ourselves in any way. How strange and how terrible ! It is our very alleviations for which we have to make the severest atonement ! And if we want to return to health, we have no choice left—we must load ourselves *more heavily* than we were ever laden before.

5-It was then that I
learnt the hermitical haftit of